

THE
ADDRESS,

A
New BALLAD.

Tune of, *The Commons and Peers, &c.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Smith, near the Royal-Exchange. 1727. Price Four Pence.



TO DIRECT Your good Majesty's Rest
New BALLAD.

Tune of, *The Commons and Peers, &c.*



BELIEVE us, dread Sir;
 We come Whip and Spur,
 To bring You a flaming Address:
 With fiery Hotness,
 Your Borough of *Totnes*
 Their Zeal for your Honour express.

(4)

(2.)

First then, we beg Leave,
And earnestly crave,
To shew You how much we detest
The Projects so vain
Of *Philip* of *Spain*,
To disturb Your good Majesty's Rest.

(2.)

This *Philip*, it seems,
Is forming of Schemes,
Which all the round World will surprize,
With Views to oppress,
And forely distress
The best of his *Quondam* Allies.

(5)

(4.)

But alas! 'tis in vain
For Armada's of *Spain*,
To think they can frighten us *Britons*:
For what can we dread,
When You're at the Head,
And *Bob* at the Tail of the Great Ones?

(5.)

Your Protestant Zeal
For our Commonweal,
Is such, that You stick at no Pains:
Your M---ft---y too,
They all are *True Blue*,
Such Blessings are not in all Reigns.

Our County, we ween,
Gave Birth to Two Men,

Great *Churchill*! and renowned *Drake*!

Whose Names still, we trust,

Tho' they're laid in Dust,

Make *Spain* and the Empire to quake.

What tho' they are dead,

Three Men we have bred,

Who equal those Heroes in Fame:

Their Courage so great

Your Foes will defeat,

And all Your proud Enemies tame.

Still *Hofier* we have,

And *Wager* the brave,

At Sea they *Jack Spaniard* will jirk:

Whilst *Wills*, on dry Land,

(7)

Your Troops shall command,
And your Faith-breaking Enemies firk.

Four Shillings *per* Pound

We'll pay for our Ground,
If any we have to be seen :

If that's not enough,

We'll strip into Buff,
And give you the other Sixteen.

Should *Pretender* come in,

We'll die like brave Men,

And each in Piece-meal will be tore,

Not one he shall find

Alive left behind,

To exercise Tyranny o'er.

(11.)
Full late may you go

And your Faith breaking
From Your Crown here below,

To Heaven, for ever to wear

Four Shillings per Pound
A Diadem bright,

Well pay for our Ground
As a Star in the Night,

If any we have to be seen :
And larger than any by far.

If that's not enough,
(12.)
May we never want one,

And give you the other sixteen.
Like You, or Your Son,

To sit on the Throne of this Realm :

Should Pretender come in
Thrice happy they'll be,

Well die like brave Men
To live for to see

And each in Piece-meat will be torn,
Such Princely Folks govern the same.

Not one he shall find
F I N I S.
Alive left behind
To exercise Tyranny over